

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

## Observing the Planet Venus.

(Original.)

Arts Burnham was a young girl who may best be described by adjectives beginning with the letter "p." She was pretty, pliant, pleasing. I regret to say that there is one adjective beginning with "p" that does not describe her. She was not pious. She was rather perverse, and especially was she pertacious.

Miss Burnham had recently made the acquaintance of Edwin Summers, a young astronomer who was astonishing the world with marvelous discoveries. Miss Burnham had intimated to Professor Summers a desire to visit his observatory and had been told that no one was admitted.

Not long after this refusal, while Summers was at work computing, he received a card bearing the name of Mrs. Amelia Hubbell Bodman. Now, Mrs. Bodman was an English lady who had worked with her husband and achieved distinction for herself in astronomical photography. Summers had not been aware that Professor Bodman or his wife was in America. He welcomed the lady cordially, expressing a great delight at receiving so distinguished a person. Mrs. Bodman, like most women of brains, was not beautiful. She wore blue spectacles—she said she had injured her eyes observing—there were deep dark furrows in her face, and several of her front teeth had been lost without being replaced. Summers invited her to inspect the observatory, taking her first to the equatorial room.

"Our object glass," he said, "is a thirty inch achromatic lens. It has not the reach of some of the larger glasses, but has admirable defining power. What is the size of your glass at the Trichestbury observatory?"

"Ours? Why, I think ours is a forty-nine inch."

Now, the professor knew well that no such glass had ever been ground. But he was a polite man and possibly thought Mrs. Bodman had worked especially with photographic instruments and had got the sizes mixed. At any rate, he did not take notice of the blunder.

"In here," he continued, "is our meridian circle. Have you a meridian circle or a transit, or both?"

"Both," said Mrs. Bodman hesitatingly.

"What style of chronograph do you use?"

"We—we—don't use a chronograph." It began to look as if Mrs. Bodman was an impostor.

"We are preparing for observations on Mars," continued the astronomer, "at the approaching conjunction. We propose to watch the color changes creep down the canals."

"Do you use the meridian circle for these observations or the equatorial?" asked the little woman at a venture.

"The meridian circle," replied Summers.

He must have spoken in irony, for the instrument for the purpose would be of no more use than a spyglass.

They were looking up at the instrument referred to, a brass telescope, its axes resting on stone columns, under a narrow slit in the roof. This was all the opening necessary since the "circle" was fixed to sweep only the meridian.

"I don't see," remarked Mrs. Bodman, "how you can observe the stars through that strip up there in the roof."

"Oh, I use this instrument when I'm tired. I go to sleep on the observing chair and wait till the star I wish to observe comes along."

"A good idea," replied Mrs. Bodman. "I'll suggest it to Professor Bodman." "Do. Tell him not to hesitate to use it. I give my full permission. By the bye, can't you come in this evening? Venus is in fine position for observation."

The lady started. A color came into her furrowed cheeks. "I have an engagement this evening. I'm sorry."

"To visit some scientific society, I suppose. I dare say you are in great demand."

"You Americans are very kind."

"The honor and the pleasure are ours."

"I must go now."

"Sorry I have nothing more to show you. Make my regards to your distinguished husband. I have not needed to see him to know him. His reputation is worldwide. By the way, I have a photograph album of scientific persons, including you and your husband."

"Me?" faltered the lady.

Summers led the way to another room, took up an album and turned to pictures of Professor and Mrs. Summers. Mrs. Summers was a very pleasant looking person of about thirty.

"I recognized you by this," said the astronomer. "It is a fine picture of you."

"Recognized me? You know me?"

"Certainly. You are Miss Burnham. I knew you the moment I saw you. In there you will find water to wash off your furrows. I would advise you to take the court plaster off your front teeth and drop your goggles. You are prettier without them."

"At any rate," said the girl, with a gasp, "I got in."

"Yes, and distinguished yourself by siring your scientific knowledge."

One evening not long after this episode Miss Burnham appeared at the observatory, claiming that she had been invited to see the planet Venus through the telescope. The professor made good the invitation and talked so much about Venus that today he and the fraudulent Mrs. Bodman have half a dozen satellites.

JULIA HITCHCOCK.

STATE FAIR  
OCT. 1, 2, 3

Dates Just Settled Upon by the Manager

WORK IS BEING RUSHED

Fifty Workmen Are Engaged in Putting Things Into Shape for the First Fair—Some Horses Already Trying Out.

White River Junction, July 17.—Everything is on the rush order at the state fair grounds here. Fifty workmen are busy getting things in shape for the first annual fair under the direction of the state. The dates selected are Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 1, 2 and 3. The new half mile track is ready and it is a trotting course that meets with the enthusiastic favor of the horsemen. Several horses have already been tried out on the track and the prediction is made that it will be one of the fastest tracks in New England. This has been a pet with Secretary Davis, and while he is devoting his entire time to all the details of getting things ready, he has found time to make the track a special feature.

The premium list will be out in a few days. Proofs have been submitted to the state fair commission and it has been given out that the books would be ready for distribution within a week. There will be \$30,000 in premiums and entries in all departments are even this early large. The exhibits are sure to be the largest ever made in Vermont. The new grand stand will have a seating capacity of 4,000. This structure is fast nearing completion. It is built substantially and with the expectation that it will be used for years. From it an excellent view of all the races can be seen. Entries for the races promise to be large. Every mail brings inquiries regarding this feature of the fair. The purses will be the largest ever offered in the state.

New stone foundations have been placed under all the buildings. Horticultural hall has been arranged so that exhibits may be shown to advantage and conveniently.

A new poultry building is to be erected with all the latest improvements in caring for fowl. The kite-shaped track will be used for automobile races. This has been widened at the short curve to enable safe driving. It is expected that the automobile races will be one of the strongest features in the racing line.

Applications for entries of cattle have come as far as northern Canada and Maine. One Maine exhibitor desires to show a carload of oxen. New Hampshire exhibitors will be numerous and about every locality of Vermont will have something on exhibition.

Homer Davenport, the famous cartoonist, will have his Arabian horses on exhibition. These will include the Arabian stallion which he imported from the great Arabian desert. At the recent Rutland horse show Mr. Davenport exhibited his string of horses and captured prizes. He will attend to his own exhibit at the state fair and the people of Vermont will have an opportunity of seeing the great cartoonist.

Features novel and new to Vermont have already been engaged. They will be announced later.

Vandeville attractions to be presented on a commodious stage erected in front of the new grand stand will be given each day of the fair. These will be included in the free attractions that will be provided. With good weather there is every assurance of an attendance of July 20,000 people daily.

With all that has been provided for the entertainment of the people and all that will be provided from now till the opening day of the fair there is sure to be enthusiasm over the success of the first Vermont state fair.

## The Chinese Army.

"Soldiers used to be despised in China and only the coolies were considered suitable material for fighting men," says Owen Macdonald in the Technical World Magazine for August. Today all this is changed, and China has an army to which it is honor to belong. Tommies have been superseded by wireless telegraphic apparatus and signal balloons; masks have been given place to field glasses, comic opera gowns have been cut off for khaki uniforms, and the two-handled sword has become the bayonet. China was first aroused to a sense of her weakness, and her strength, by the disaster of the war with Japan in 1894-5. Hitherto she had slumbered like a great lazy giant, smiling scornfully at the suggestion that smaller and weaker nations, by adopting modern methods, might injure her. She had sublime faith in the force of the vast horde she could throw into the field.

The author relates an exceedingly interesting tale of the awakening of the Chinese Giant, as he entitles his article, and it is a revelation to American readers who have been unaware of China's new life.

## Troubles of a Truthful Woman.

It is no exaggeration to say that a more or less truthful woman is looked upon with grave suspicion. What is more nobody believes her. If she quite truthfully pronounces her age to be 29 everyone at once says that she must be at least 35; while if she ever be coaxed into admitting the number of proposals she had in her youth it will only confirm the popular impression that she had been very lucky to catch a husband at all.—From the Ladies' Field.

## Cancer Patients' Mecca

Cardigan is still the Mecca of patients who suffer from cancer. They are drawn from all over the world to consult and be treated by the two brothers who have become famous. On an average there are about three hundred patients daily.—From the Western Mail.

MRS. OSTRICH LAYS  
EGG WORTH \$1,500

Bronx Officials Excited Over Feat Performed But Once Before.

New York, July 17.—For the first time in America a real golden egg has been laid.

This important happening occurred in the Bronx Zoo and the lady rhea, a South American ostrich, was the proud bird that accomplished the achievement.

Only once before since men began making zoological gardens has a captive rhea laid an egg. That was in London and the egg did not hatch. So the Bronx Zoo—egged on, so to speak, by the ostrich-like bird—is going out after the world's record, and if this golden egg hatches it will produce a bird worth \$12,500.

To appreciate the wild shrieks of joy that went up from a dozen keepers when the news of the egg-laying was heralded it should be known that the tribe of rheas is rapidly becoming extinct, and you cannot but any, or catch any, for love or money.

Therefore, great dreams of preserving the species through yesterday's egg animate the Zoological world of everybody connected with the Bronx institution. The egg is six inches long and the color of bright gold. It had been laid only half an hour, when an avian keeper gently but firmly took it away from the mother before she had time to cackle her triumph.

With much ceremony it was placed in an incubator, pitched to just the right degree of temperature, and a man was set to guard it day and night. If it is going to hatch the egg should deliver a bird in five weeks.

## FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

Millinery Hints For Midsummer—Ribbons, Ribbons Everywhere.

Tuscan hats continue to reign supreme, but crinoline straw is in great favor, and there is a new make of chip which looks lovely when combined with straw colored point d'esprit. This chip is coarser than the chip of last year, and for that reason it is more effective.

In hats the chief aim is at color contrasts. One sees bright pink and vivid green, green and black, black and white, black and brown, violet and pink, gray and black, and so forth.



A FANCY COSTUME—5098, 5095.

The brims are often lined with silk or satin in a contrasting shade to that of the straw. As to outline, it is well that the chic effect has been sacrificed in favor of the picturesque.

The quality of ribbons this year is little short of amazing, and their foundations include every conceivable fabric. There are linen ribbons, canvas ribbons, gold and silver tinsel ribbons and, above all things, chine ribbons. Still newer is a ribbon that looks like chintz and bears a chintz pattern, but is as soft as a bandanna handkerchief. It is of course only suitable as a trimming for a linen dress or to encircle the crown of a linen hat or to be used as a belt for a wash frock. Under these conditions it has attractions that cannot be denied.

Pongee color trimmed with brown is one of the prettiest combinations of the year and is so youthful in effect that it suits young girls especially well. Here is a costume trimmed with taffeta and silk bands on the coat and bands of the material on the skirt.

## JUDIC CHOLLET.

## She Paid the Other Quarter.

A dumpy little woman with solemn eyes, holding by the hands two dumpy little boys, came to the box office of a theater. Handing in a quarter, she asked weekly for the best seat she could get for that money.

"Those boys must have tickets if you take them in," said the clerk.

"Oh, no, mister," she said. "I never pay for them. I never can spare more than a quarter, and I just love a show. We don't cheat you any, mister, for they bid you come along just as soon as they get into a cent and don't see a single bit of it."

The argument convinced the ticket man, and he allowed the two children to pass in.

Toward the end of the second act an angry came out of the auditorium and handed a twenty-five cent piece to the ticket seller.

"What's this?" demanded the latter. "I don't know," said the usher. "A little chunk of a woman beckoned me clear across the house and said one of her kids had waked up and was looking at the show; and that I should bring you that quarter."—Harper's Weekly.

## GORGED.

"What is the matter with mamma's little boy?"

"Oh, mamma, I feel so bad in my shoes! They can't digest my feet!"—Browning's Magazine.

TO DIVORCE  
HUSBAND

So That He May Wed Again

WIFE BRINGS ACTION

Divorces Her Husband for Sake of Another Woman's Little Ones—Strange Romance in Boston Man's Life Reveals Wife's Heroism.

New York, July 17.—Two politically and socially prominent families in Boston are concerned in an application made to Justice Clark, in the supreme court, Brooklyn, for a final judgment of divorce in the suit of Isabel S. Cunningham against Joseph Trowbridge Cunningham, formerly Democratic politician in Boston, and a member of the Democratic state committee of Massachusetts. Mrs. Cunningham was formerly Miss Isabel S. Hemenway of Boston.

Mr. Cunningham is general eastern sales agent of the General Electric company, with offices at 111 Broadway, and was formerly with the Westinghouse company. The Hemenway family were the founders of the Hemenway Gymnasium in Boston. Mr. Cunningham is related to the old Trowbridge family of Connecticut.

The Cunningshams were married at the hotel Oxford, Boston, on Dec. 14, 1894, and the wedding was one of the social events of the year. Some years ago, according to Mrs. Cunningham, her husband was attracted by one Lizzie Dempsey, and later husband and wife lived apart.

It is said that Mrs. Cunningham after tracing her husband as far as New York headquarters Miss Dempsey in the Grand Central station. Since that time, according to Mrs. Cunningham's allegations in court, the couple have been living together at 5,517 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn, in a \$15,000 house which Cunningham had bought and deeded to Miss Dempsey. Residents of the Borough couple were man and wife. They have been received in good society in Brooklyn, it is declared.

Recently Mrs. Cunningham, who has been living at 66 Clifton place, Brooklyn, decided to sue for a divorce. She said her reason was that her husband might be free to marry the woman of his choice. Mrs. Cunningham sent this letter to her attorneys, Stevens & Baker.

"The little girls are 6 and 4 years old, respectively. Because of them I was able to bring myself to a point where I was willing to divorce him. It was through him that I lost my horses, jewelry and other property, everything dear to me. I have watched her seven years ago, when he wanted to come back to me."

Miss Dempsey, according to Mrs. Cunningham, is the daughter of a cooper who lives in South Boston.

## Society and Business.

Young men who are anxious to amass money make a great mistake in thinking that it is a waste of time to cultivate their social facilities, that society has nothing to do with money making and they think that spending time in society is a hindrance, that it will keep them back.—Electrical Magazine.

## All The Old Favorites.

There are no birds in last year's nests adown the flood of years. Maude Muller on a summer's days lay dying in Algeria. Man wants but little here below this cold gray crags. O sea! 'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's bark across the sands of Dee.

At midnight in his guarded tent, when all but him had fled, the lifeless but beautiful he lay, the lifeless of the dead! Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, to hastening hills of prey, Under a spreading chestnut tree my fondest hopes decay.

She was a phantom of delight that man was made to mourn. The mill will never grind again; only three grains of corn! Oh, come into the garden, Maude, and list unto me tell Of how Horatius kept the bridge when Kosciusko fell!—Louisville Courier-Journal.



COMMANDER PEARY.

Famous Arctic explorer as he appeared when making his "farthest north" record.

Women Avoid  
Operations

When a woman suffering from female trouble is told that an operation is necessary, it, of course, frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital, the operating table and the knife strikes terror to her heart. It is quite true that these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but a great many women have been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after an operation has been decided upon as the only cure. The strongest and most grateful statements possible to make come from women who by taking

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

made from native roots and herbs, have escaped serious operations, as evidenced by Miss Rose Moore's case, of 507 W. 26th St., N.Y. She writes: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of the very worst form of female trouble and I wish to express my deepest gratitude. I suffered intensely for two years so that I was unable to attend to my duties and was a burden to my family. I doctored and doctored with only temporary relief and constantly objecting to an operation which I was advised to undergo. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it cured me of the terrible trouble and I am now in better health than I have been for many years."

This and other such cases should encourage every woman to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before she submits to an operation.

## Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. From the symptoms given, the trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised.



MISS ROSE MOORE

The  
Scrap Book

## That Settled It.

A story is told of a very popular cavalry officer. He was being tried for drunkenness, and among other witnesses on his behalf was his Irish soldier servant.

The court, anxious to give the officer every chance, put several questions to this witness with a view to eliciting any facts that might be in his master's favor.

When the Irishman said that his master, on going to bed, had expressed a wish to be called early, the court was distinctly pleased. A man who gave special instructions to be called early could not, they argued to themselves, have been drunk.

Hoping to get favorable particulars, they put a further question.

"And why did Major—wish to be called early?"

Then, "Faith, en' he told me it was because he was to be queen of the May," promptly came the answer.

That settled it.—Baltimore Telegram.

## A Street Incident.

A reporter called to a little boothblack near the city hall to give him a shine. The little fellow came rather slowly for one of that lively gild and placed his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up and calmly pushing the little one aside, said, "Here, you sit down, Jimmy."

The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying and sharply told the newcomer to "clear out."

"Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only going to do it for him. You see he's been sick in the hospital for men's a month and can't do much work yet, so you boys all turn in and give him a lift when you can—any?"

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it for me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead," and as the boothblack used the brush the reporter plied him with questions. "You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got no job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turn in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, you see."

"What percentage do you charge him on the job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet your life I don't keep none. I ain't no such sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any fellow sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the trchein a quarter, saying, "I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep 10 cents and give the rest to Jimmy, there."

"Can't do it, sir. It's his customer. Here Jim."

He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself.

## Clay's Joke on Adams.

When John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay were at Ghent in 1814 in association with Albert Gallatin, James A. Bayard and Jonathan Russell, appointed to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, they were on very intimate terms of friendship and occupied the same apartments. Mr. Clay was always a very gallant man and in many respects the very opposite of Mr. Adams, who, though profoundly polite to every lady, avoided even the appearance of familiarity. The young girl who had charge of the rooms of the peace commissioners was very pretty and modest and was treated with great respect by all of them. But Mr. Clay would now and then indulge in compliments to her beauty and on one occasion playfully solicited from her a kiss. Of course he was refused the favor, but in relating the incident to his associates he could not forego a joke on Mr. Adams, who had what are known as watery or tear-suffused eyes. As Mr. Clay repeated the conversation following the refusal of the kiss ran as follows:

"I presume you would not deny Mr. Adams such a favor?"

"Indeed I would," she replied. "I have just done so and left him with tears in his eyes."

She Wanted to Watch Him.

"And will you have gas, madam?" inquired the dentist, as a stout, elderly woman entered his office.

"Well," she replied, with a doubtful glance at the doctor, "you don't suppose I'm going to let you fink about me in the dark, do you?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

## The Schott-Nott Duel.

This story comes down from an old scrap book of 1826. The papers which have recently started it anew on its rounds have located it in Texas. The original duel was fought in or near Philadelphia by Alexander Schott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Schott was not. In this case it is better to be Schott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Schott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot which Schott shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Schott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Schott shot shot Schott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Schott would be shot and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Schott shot not Schott, but Nott. Anyway, it was hard to tell who was shot and who was not.

## The Long Dressing Gown.

This story of a well known Berliner presented him on his birthday with a dressing gown. Agreeably surprised, he tried it on, but found that it was about six inches too long. In the night a violent storm occurred. The anxious wife arose and, to pass the time, took the dressing gown and shortened it. Then she retired again.

Now, with the family lived a very active sister-in-law, who was in the habit of rising very early. On this morning she saw the dressing gown, and, thinking to please her brother-in-law, she took it down and shortened it six inches more. After breakfast the two ladies went to market, and the husband, thinking of his dressing gown, before going to business ordered the cook to take it to the tailor and have it shortened about six inches. In the afternoon the tailor returned it—a jacket with tails.

## Appropriate.

A minister, having given out his "notices," was about to read his hymn when he was reminded of one he had forgotten. Stopping, he made this announcement, apologizing for his forgetfulness: "Then, much to the amusement of his audience, he began to line out the hymn as follows: 'Lord, what a thoughtless wretch am I!'—Judge.

My! That's good

Many an otherwise good cake is spoiled by the use of poor flavoring. What folly!

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

My! That's good

Mister Brown  
Of Shopless Town

Behold a man of Shopless Town; His name is Obadiah Brown. He says the town does not improve, But runs along its ancient groove. He'd like to see it spread and grow, And yet he does not help, you know. Instead of buying things for sale Right here in town, he's sent by mail For many years and bought his things From those faroff Mail Order kings. No wonder, Obadiah Brown, This home of yours is Shopless Town!

## Baker's Extracts

COMPLY WITH ALL FOOD LAWS

This is a guarantee of both their flavoring value and their healthfulness. Flavoring extracts are something of which you cannot afford to use anything but the best—Baker's.

BAKER EXTRACT COMPANY